

**MARVEL**

ISSUE

**19**



**RESERVATION**

WOOD • MEDINA • VLASCO • ABURTOV

**ULTIMATE COMICS™**

**X-MEN®**



JOHNSON



**LIVING IN A WORLD  
WHERE MUTANTS ARE  
HATED AND FEARED MORE  
THAN EVER, ONE GROUP  
OF YOUNG HEROES HAS  
BANDED TOGETHER TO  
FIGHT BACK.**

# **ULTIMATE COMICS X-MEN**



## **PREVIOUSLY:**

With a crippled country undergoing reconstruction, the mutant population still struggles to find its place in society. President Captain America offered the community two options: a cure that erased the mutant gene and a plot of land for those who chose to keep their powers. Thousands took the cure. Now only twenty mutants remain. Twenty that will determine the fate of mutantkind forever.

And now former friends, Kitty Pryde and Nomi Blume, find themselves on opposite sides of an age-old argument. Can these rivals find a way to reconcile their differences or is there a new war on the horizon?

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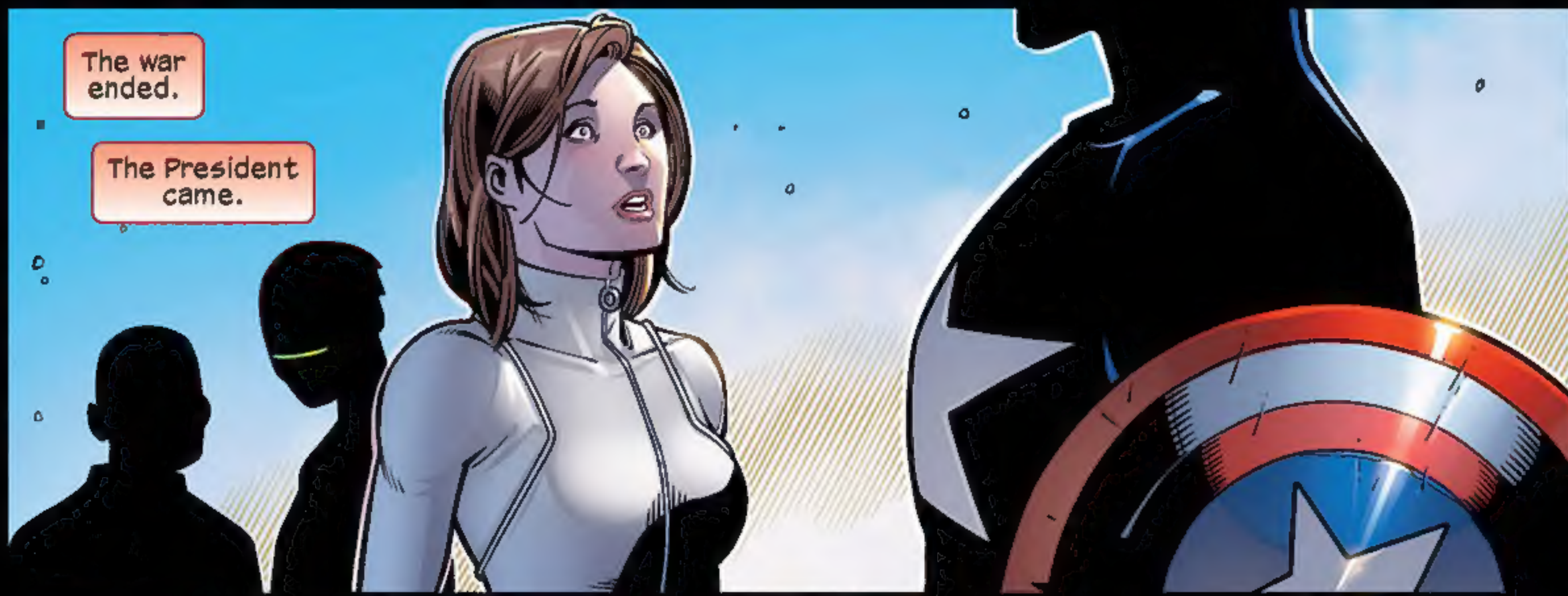
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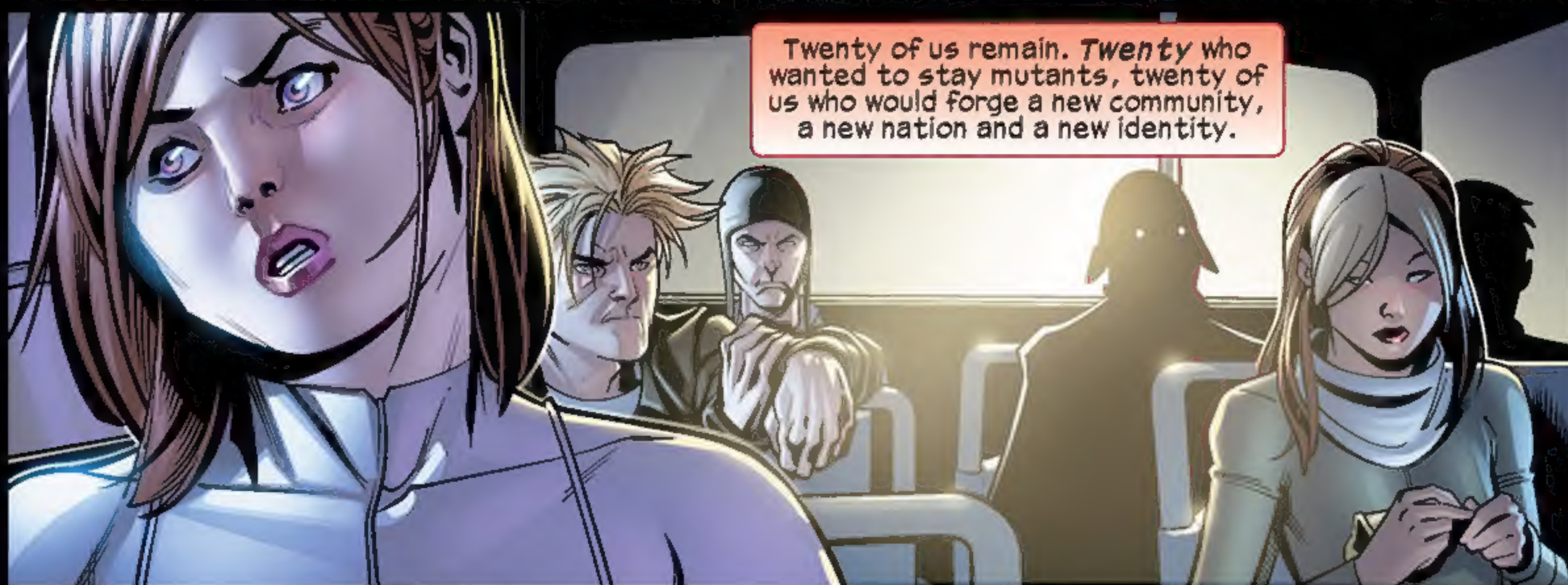
The war ended.

The President came.

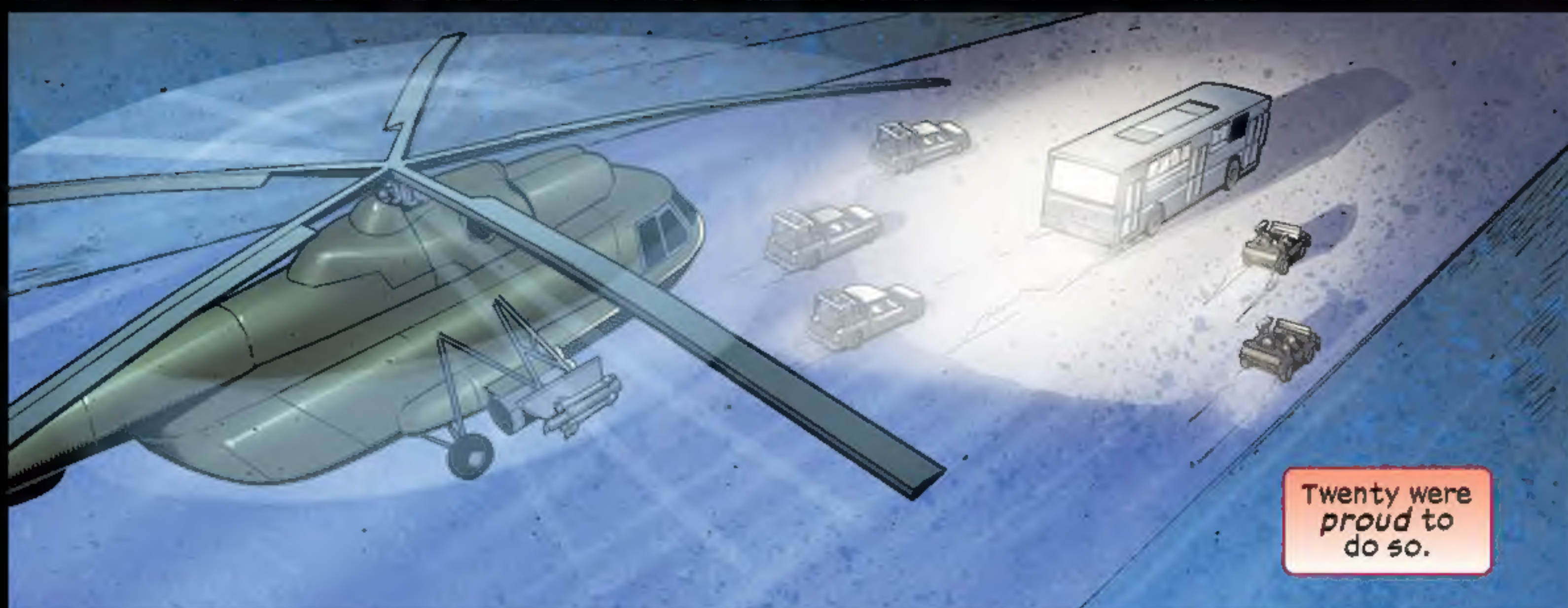


The politics were weighed and the decision was made.

The serum, the "cure," was offered and most of us took it.



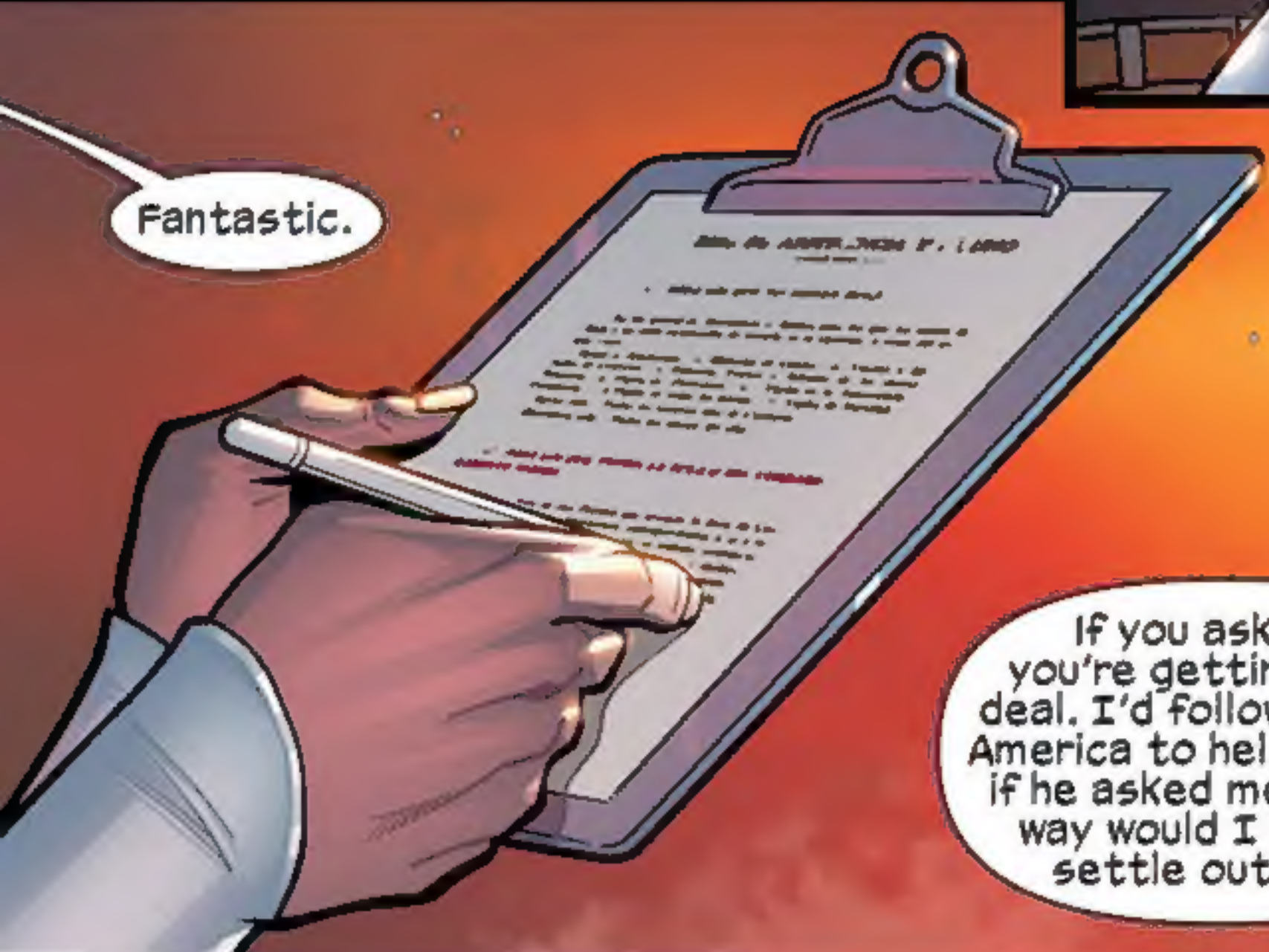
Twenty of us remain. *Twenty* who wanted to stay mutants, twenty of us who would forge a new community, a new nation and a new identity.



Twenty were proud to do so.



THE GRAND NATIONAL  
EXPERIMENTAL RANGE.  
UTAH.







It's the deal they gave us. Anything else?



Just a few details.

This is now sovereign land. It is no longer part of the United States in any legal or practical way. The laws of the land do not apply, and you are no longer American citizens.

That means you have to stay inside your own borders. Come out, and you'll be considered *illegals*.

Around here, that typically means you get *shot at*.



About nine miles away is an army base. It's a training facility, and Captain America has instructed them, *personally*, to respond and provide assistance if your safety or sovereignty is in any way threatened.

You will all be issued identity cards. You have to carry them with you at all times.



About two miles roughly northwest of here are limited plumbing and electrical hookups. FEMA will be delivering basic shelters to that location by noon today.

Here's your receipt.

You're seriously going to give me a *receipt*?

Hey, why not? It's all yours now.

Take care. Just so you know, I have nothing against you all. Good luck out there.





# THE MUTANT NATION.



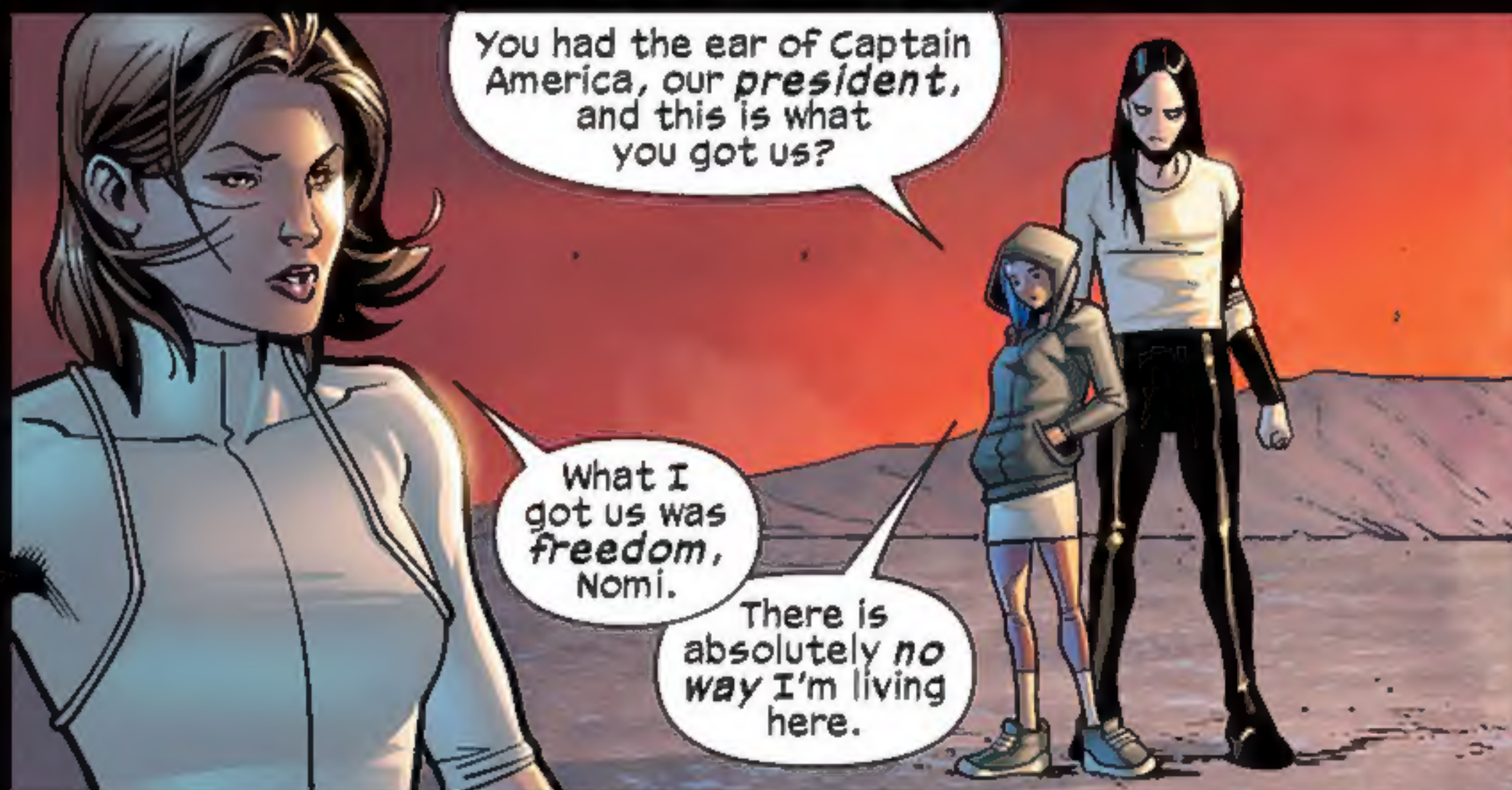
It was better than the tunnels. *Had* to be, right?

Garbage.

Not fit for man or beast... or for much of *anything*, really. Essentially toxic, this soil is.

Garbage.

So who taught you how to negotiate, Kitty?



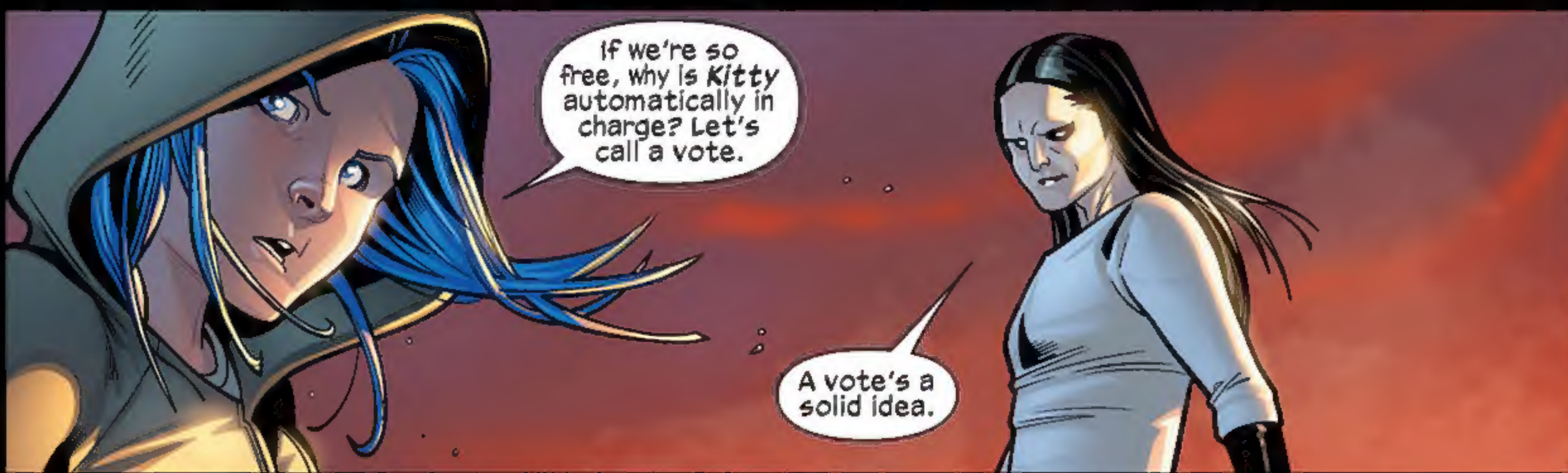
You had the ear of Captain America, our *president*, and this is what you got us?

What I got us was *freedom*, Nomi.

There is absolutely *no way* I'm living here.

I think the thing *is*, we kinda don't have a *choice*.

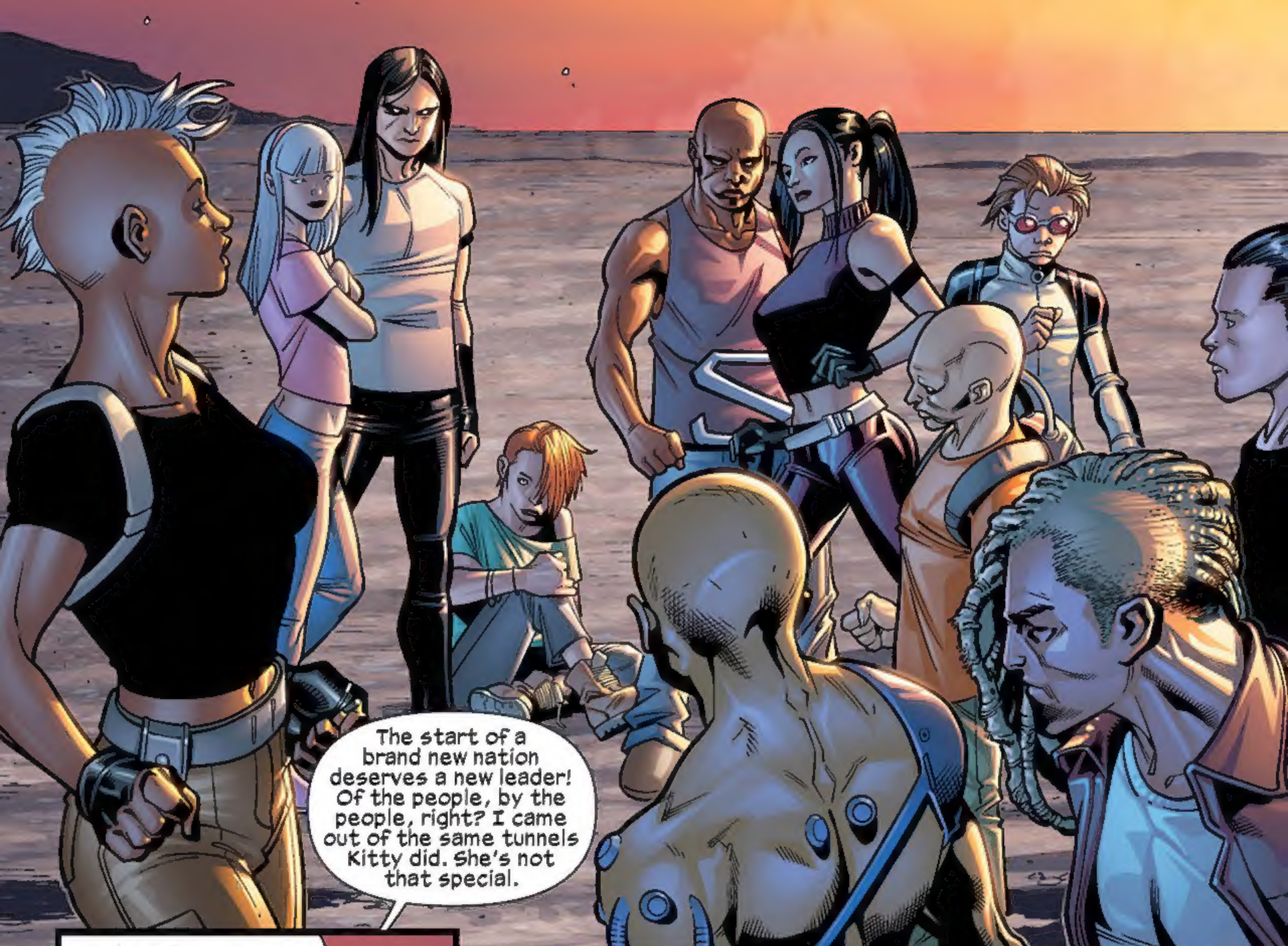
Don't focus on the negative. We can make it work.



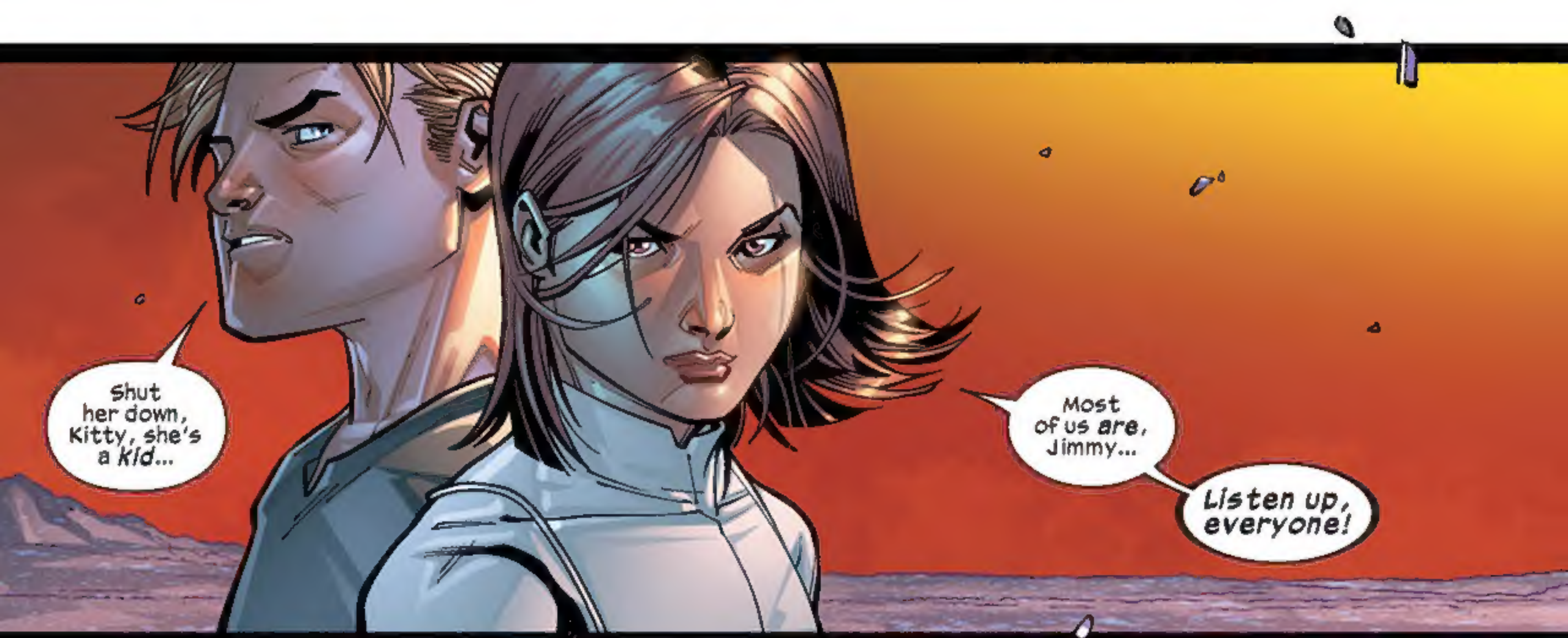
If we're so free, why is *Kitty* automatically in charge? Let's call a vote.

A vote's a solid idea.









Shut her down, Kitty, she's a kid...

Most of us are, Jimmy...

Listen up, everyone!



The deal's been done. There's no chance at demanding anything else. I take our president at his word-- this was the best he could do for us right now.

So, this is our home. But before you let that get you down, think about what I just said.

This. Is. Your. Home.

When was the last time you felt you could truly say that about any place you lived in? We've all had hideouts, squats, hospitals, camps, the streets. The *caves*.

Now, we can build something permanent, something that *belongs to us*. We can build that.

But Mach Two's right. You should choose who leads us. Vote for Mach Two and follow her back out into the hateful world we all just fought to escape. See how far that gets you.

Or stay here with me and we'll show the world we're not to be underestimated.





Kitty.

ORORO MUNROE / STORM  
WEATHER MANIPULATION.

SAM SMITHERS / BLACKHEATH  
PLANT MANIPULATION.

Kitty.

Mach Two.  
This land is  
garbage; I  
wouldn't let  
my dog pee  
here.

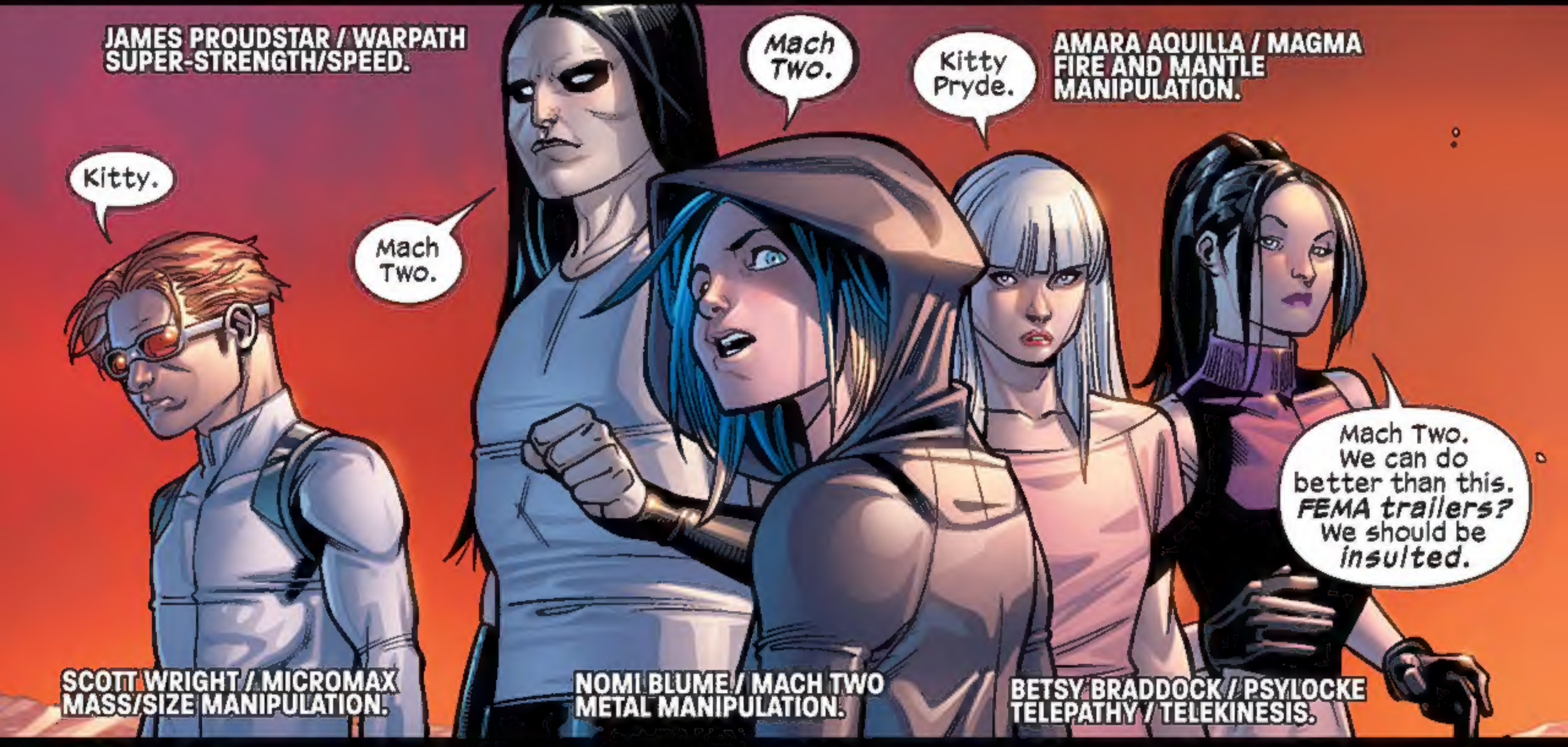
SETH VALE / NETWORK  
TECHNOPATHY.

Kitty.

BOBBY DRAKE / ICEMAN  
THERMOKINESIS.

Kitty.

HISAKO ICHIKI / ARMOR  
PSIONIC BODY AUGMENTATION.



JAMES PROUDSTAR / WARPATH  
SUPER-STRENGTH/SPEED.

Mach  
Two.

Kitty  
Pryde.

AMARA AQUILLA / MAGMA  
FIRE AND MANTLE  
MANIPULATION.

Kitty.

Mach  
Two.

Mach Two.  
We can do  
better than this.  
*FEMA trailers?*  
We should be  
*insulted.*

SCOTT WRIGHT / MICROMAX  
MASS/SIZE MANIPULATION.

NOMI BLUME / MACH TWO  
METAL MANIPULATION.

BETSY BRADDOCK / PSYLOCKE  
TELEPATHY / TELEKINESIS.



Mach Two. Look past  
her age, her idea is  
a good one.

SHOLA INKOSI  
TELEKINESIS.

JIMMY HUDSON  
RAPID HEALING / CLAWS.

MARIAN CARLYLE / ROGUE  
POWER ABSORPTION.

Kitty.  
Come on,  
people.

Abstaining.

Kitty.

Kitty Pryde.  
Here, let me  
show you all  
something.

KITTY PRYDE  
INTANGIBILITY.

KENJI UEDO / ZERO  
TECHNO-ORGANIC  
MANIPULATION.





The soldier said the settlement's two miles northwest.



Sam called this land garbage.

It is actually quite beautiful. Very dense, molecularly speaking. Lots going on. I can work with this nicely.



When I was in the caves, I would never dream of using my abilities. I was made to feel ashamed.

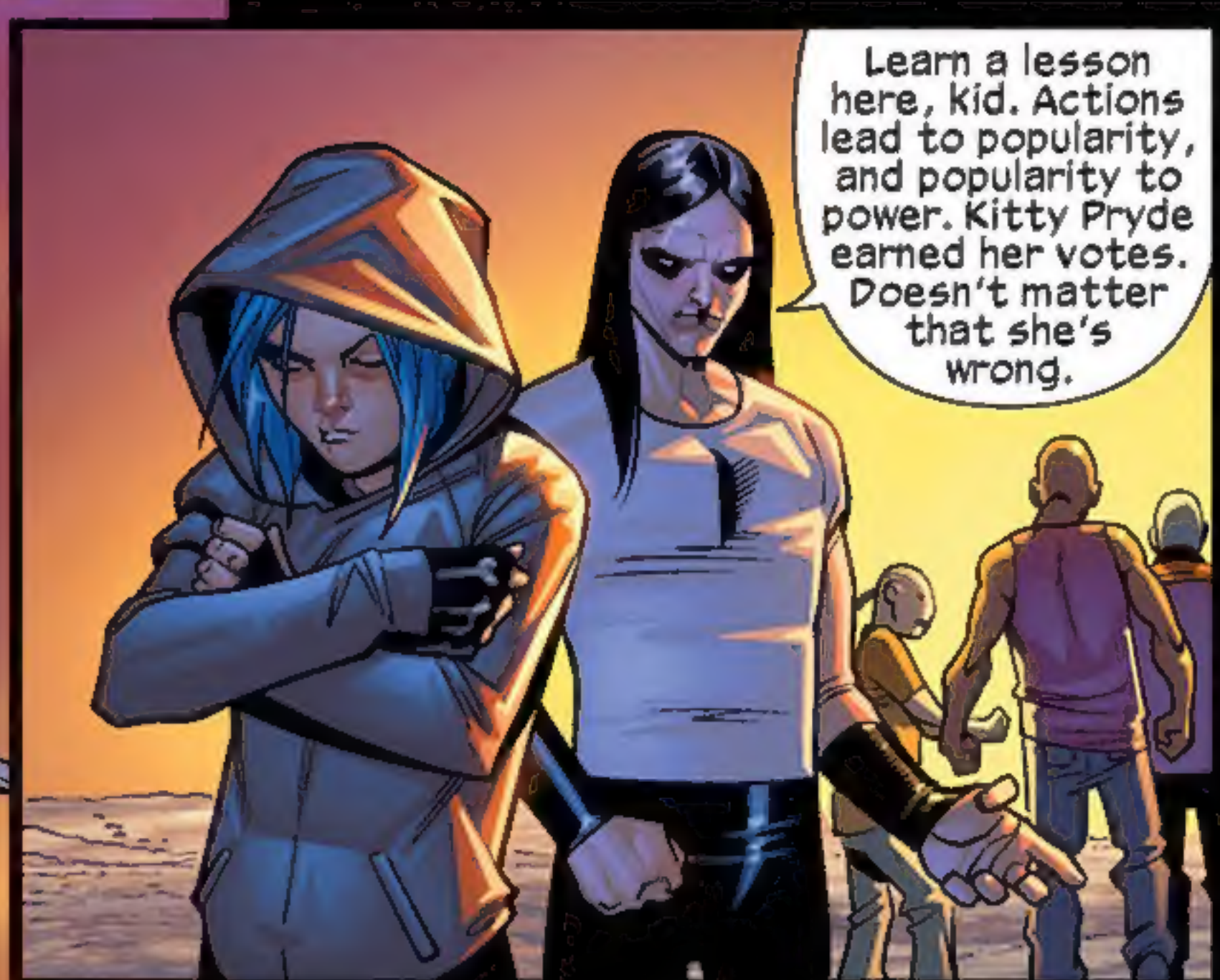
I have Kitty to thank for rescuing me from that self-destructive mindset. I was once an *artist*.

So if you please...



...Our path forward is obvious. Kitty Pryde has earned my respect, and so my vote.

And by my count, that means she wins.



Learn a lesson here, kid. Actions lead to popularity, and popularity to power. Kitty Pryde earned her votes. Doesn't matter that she's wrong.



So stop pouting and think about the future.

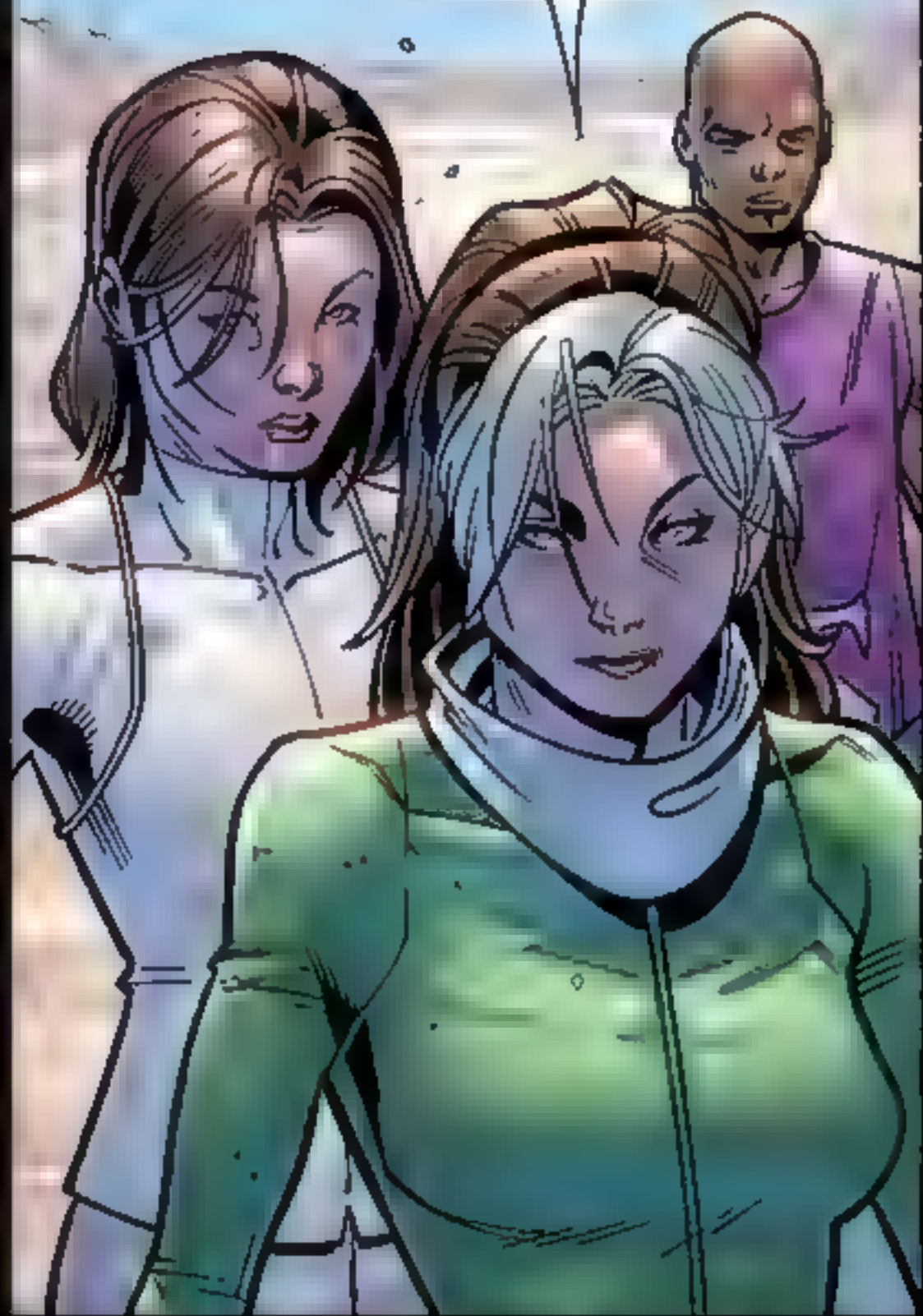


"And make sure  
your *next*  
move sticks."

Did Nomi  
get to you?  
What she  
said?

I have a  
thicker skin than  
that, especially  
when the insults  
come from  
fourteen year-  
old girls.

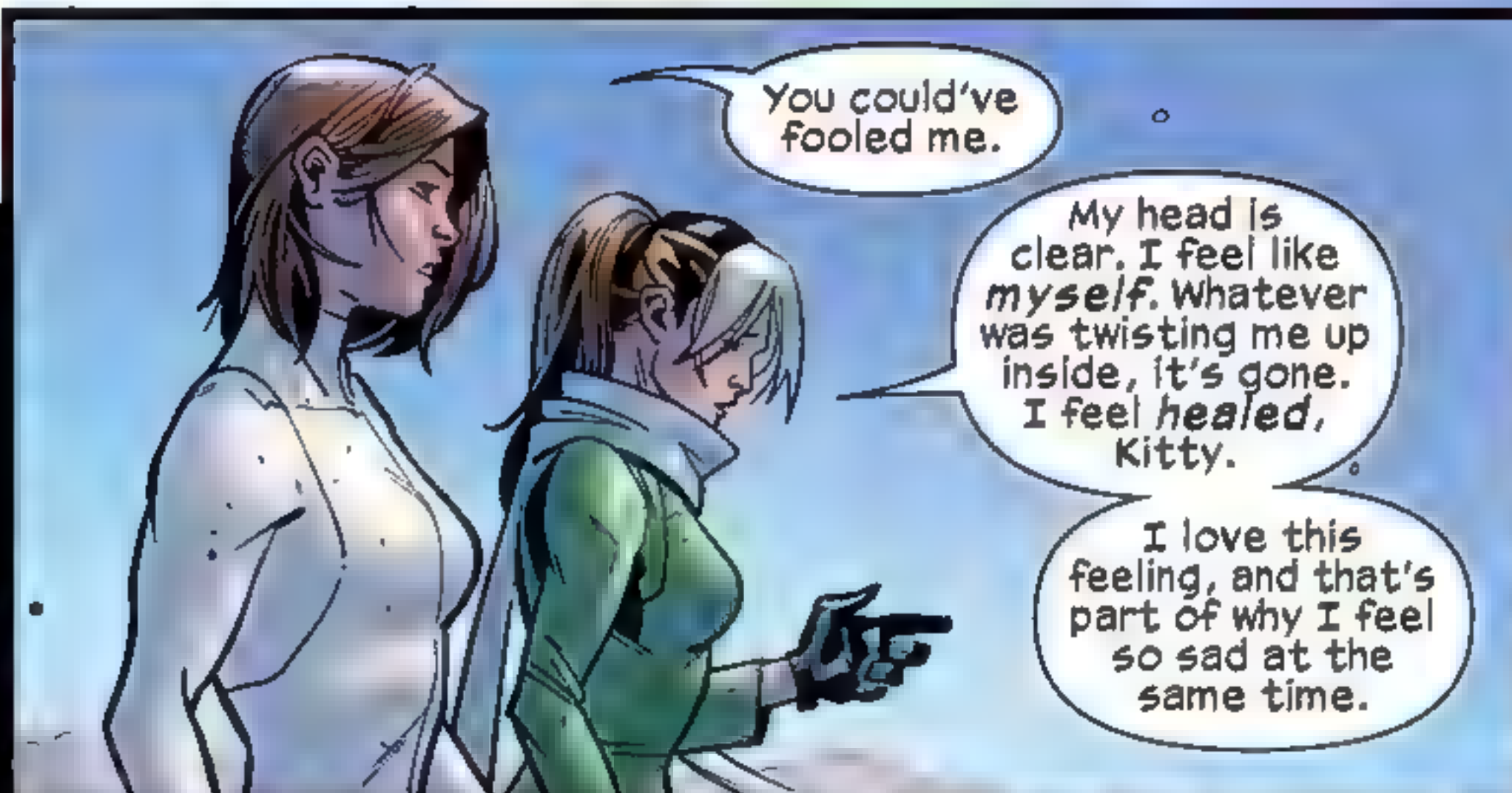
Truth is,  
I feel pretty  
great.



You could've  
fooled me.

My head is  
clear. I feel like  
*myself*. Whatever  
was twisting me up  
inside, it's gone.  
I feel *healed*,  
Kitty.

I love this  
feeling, and that's  
part of why I feel  
so sad at the  
same time.



Quentin?

He's a dork, I know. That  
stupid hair and hipster jeans,  
but he healed me. He did it  
like it was nothing, a snap  
of the fingers. Less  
than that, even.

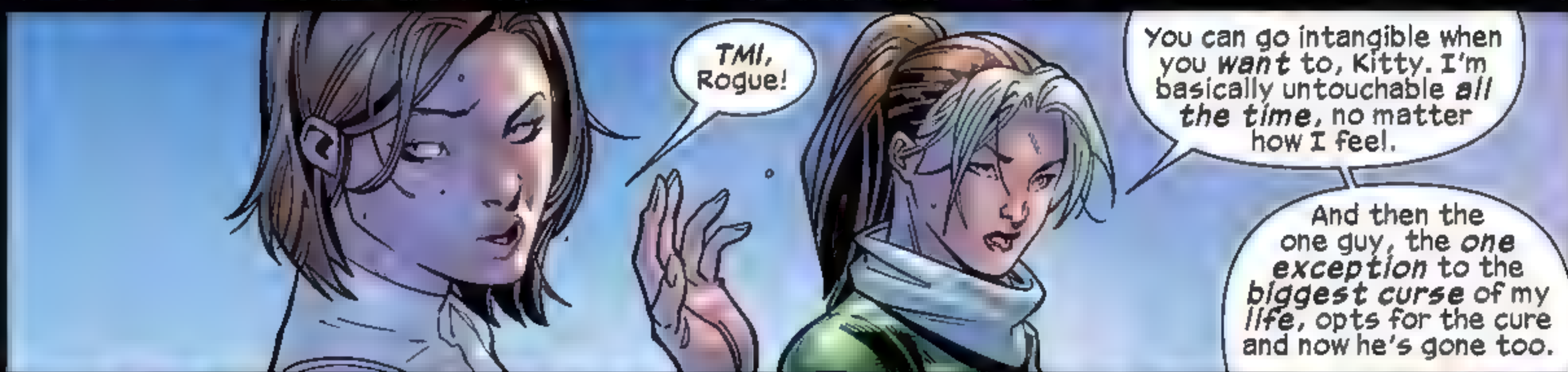
And I  
could *touch*  
him. Like, *really*  
*touch* him.



TMI,  
Rogue!

You can go intangible when  
you *want* to, Kitty. I'm  
basically untouchable *all*  
*the time*, no matter  
how I feel.

And then the  
one guy, the *one*  
*exception* to the  
*biggest curse* of my  
*life*, opts for the cure  
and now he's gone too.



Why does a  
guy with powers  
like that want to  
give them up? I  
can't figure  
it out.

I'm so  
sorry,  
Rogue.

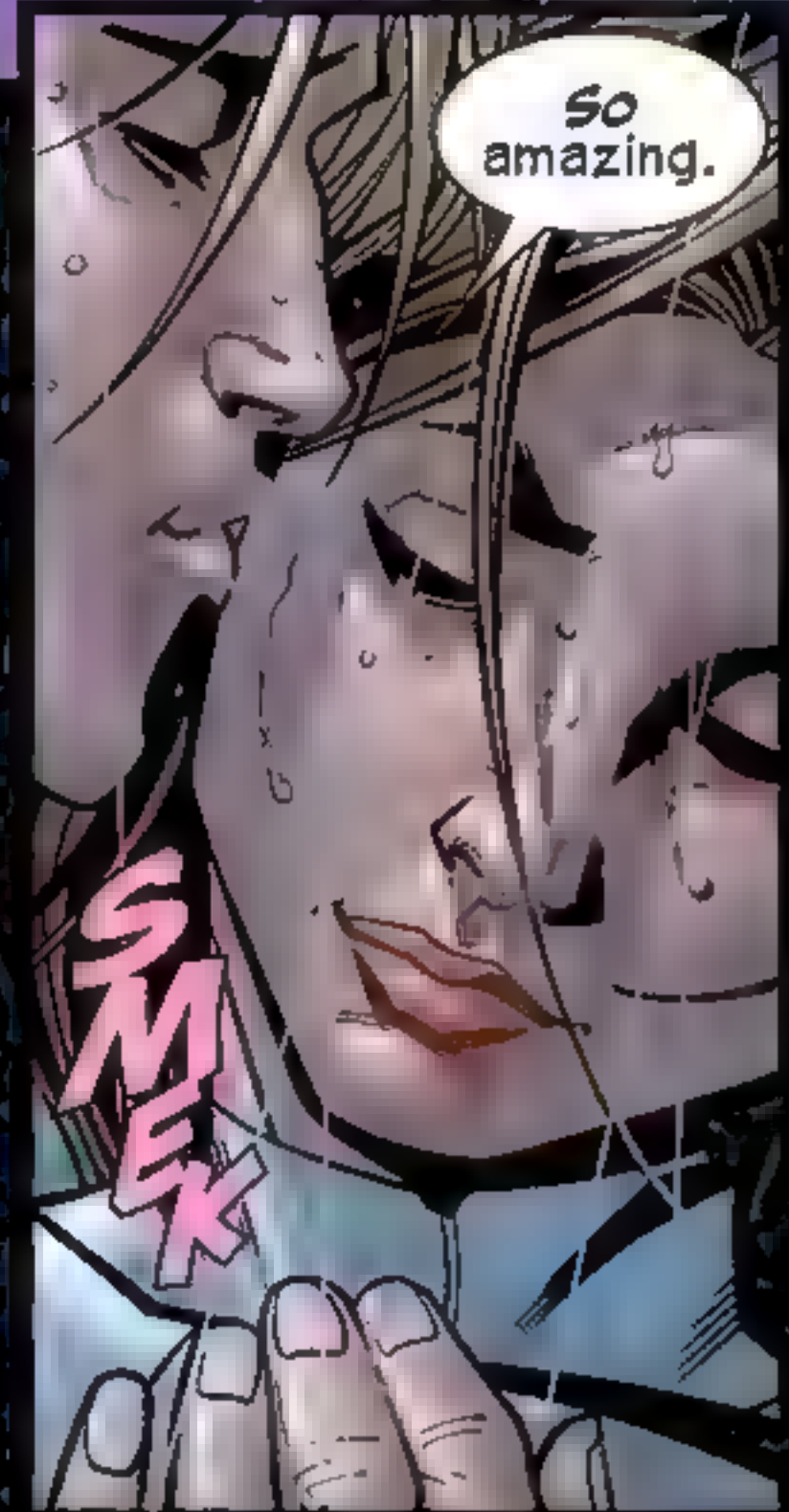
Hot as blazes  
out here! I'll *wilt*  
*to nothing* before  
we make it.







Please, Ororo.





# THE FIRST MUTANT NATION SETTLEMENT. DUBBED "UTOPIA."

The sight of the camp shut us up quick.

Twenty metal shipping containers. To call these "shelters" was pretty much insulting.

We set to work organizing them into something resembling a community. "Utopia," sneered Blackheath, and the name stuck.

It gave us something to keep joking about as we assessed what our government...our ex-government...saw fit to give us.

Water. Silty, slight salt taste. Zero confirmed it was drinkable. Storm can bring rainwater down on us, when the conditions permit.

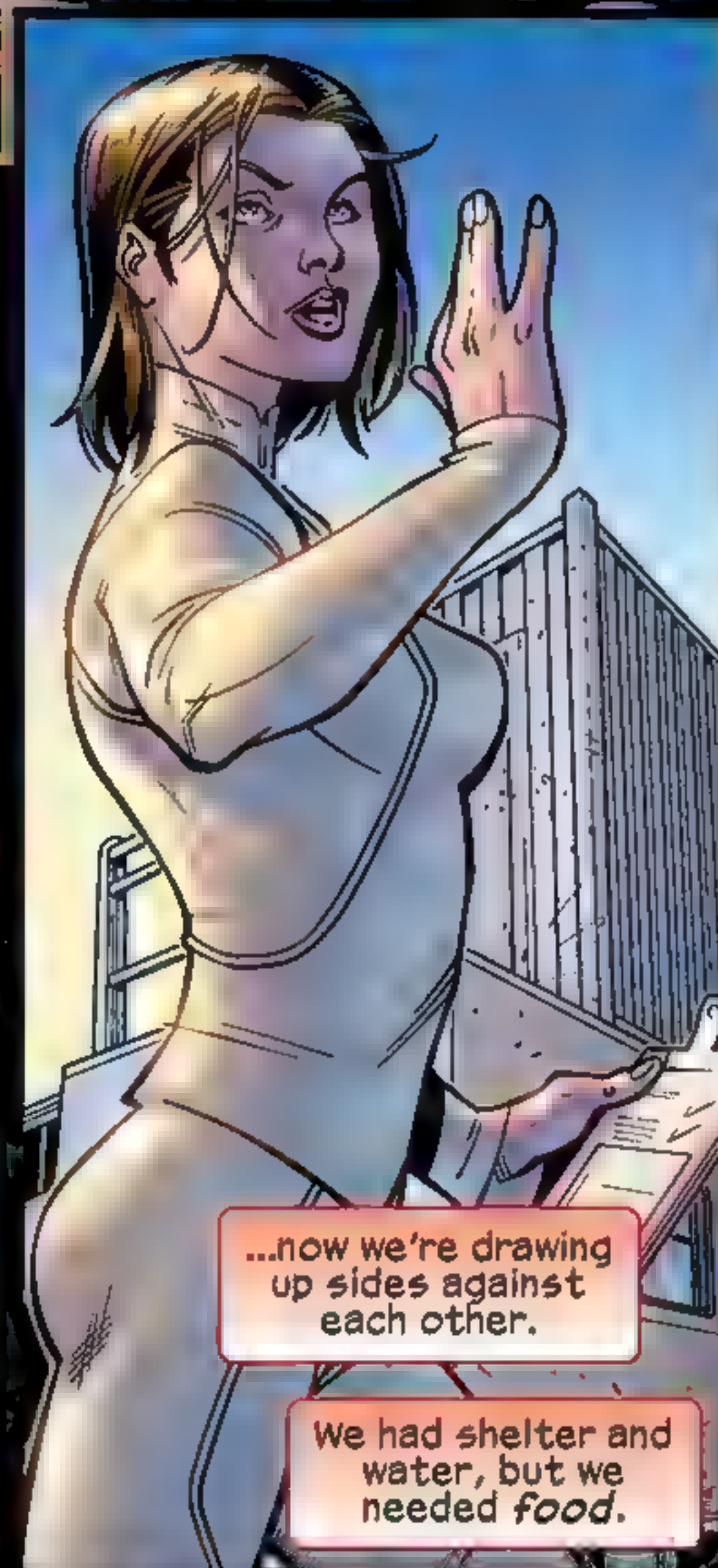
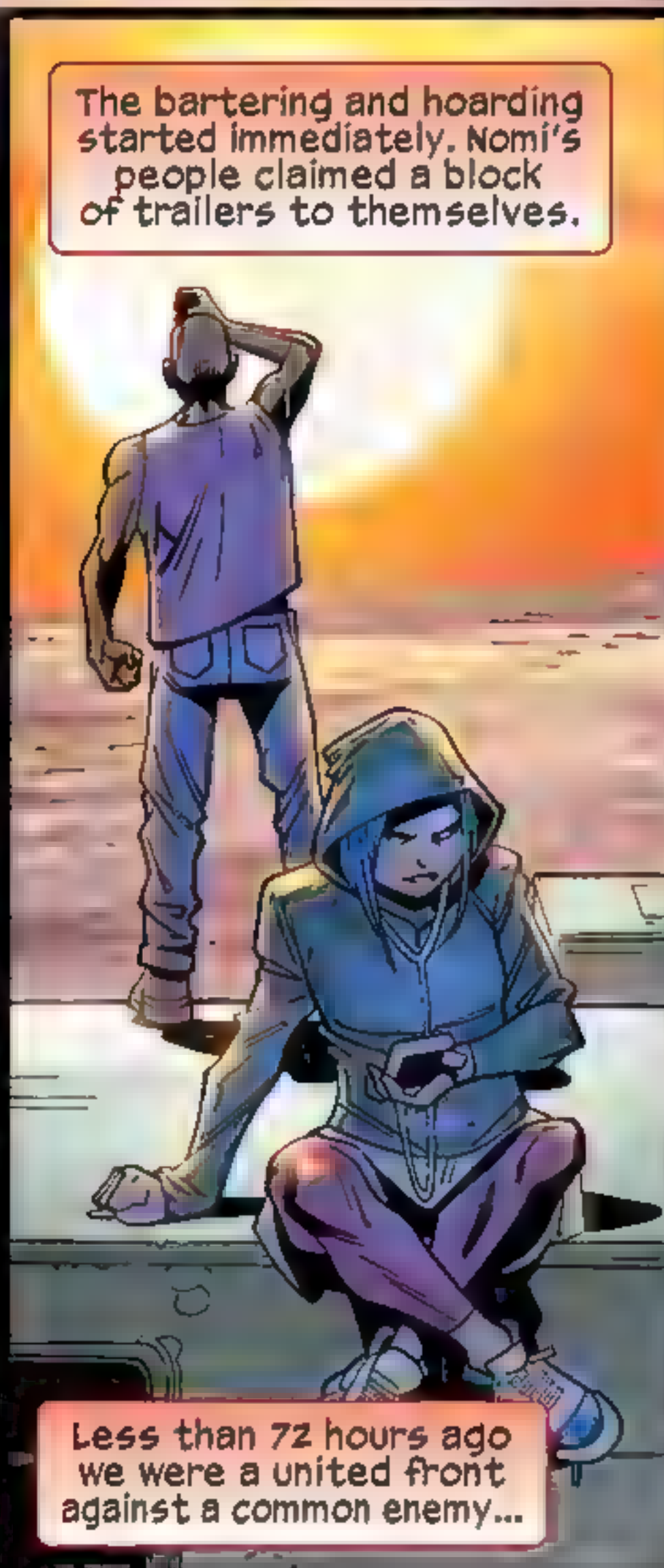
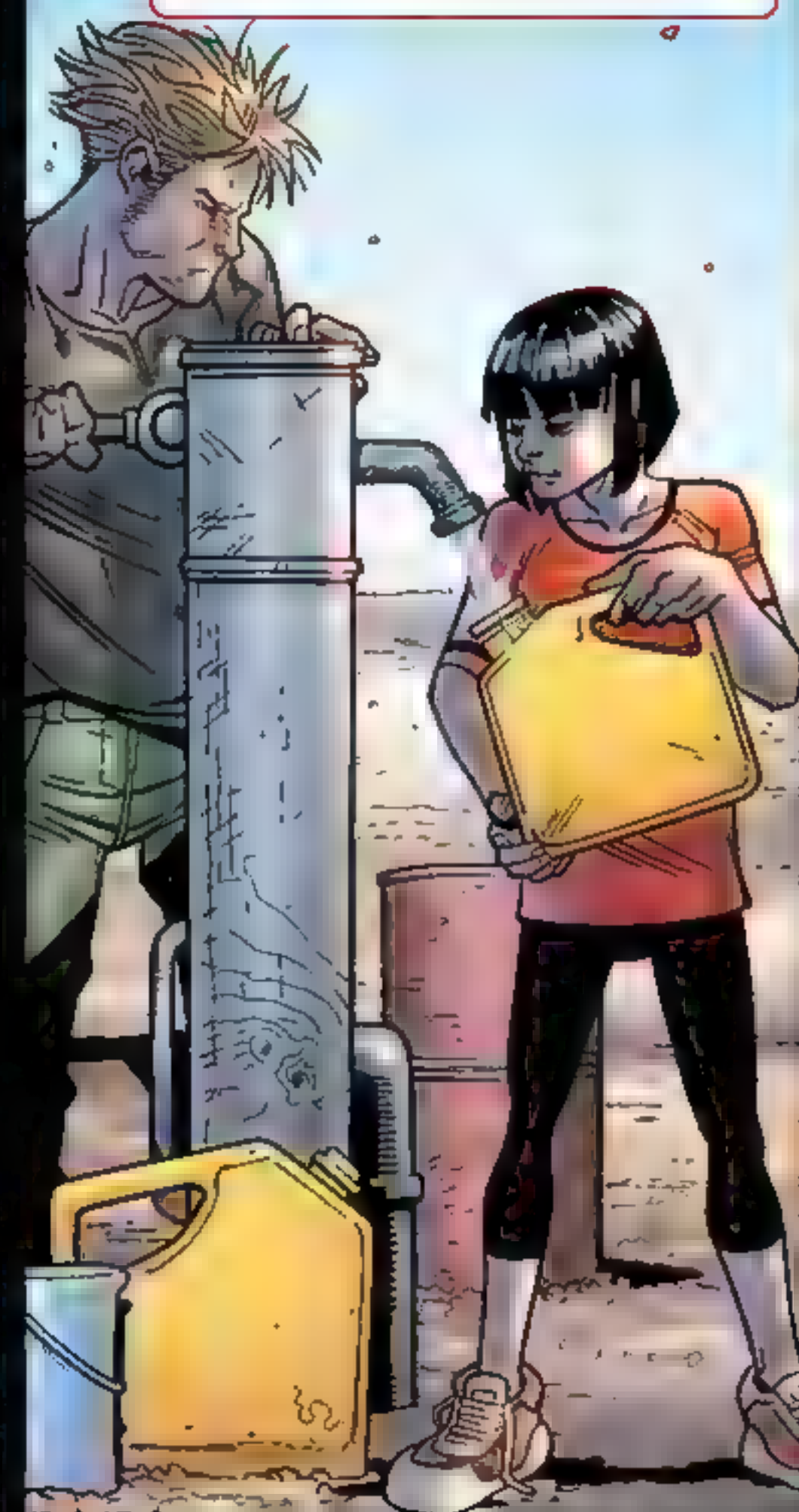
She needs weather over the Sierra Nevadas to send moisture down here. We can't count on a steady supply.

The bartering and hoarding started immediately. Nomi's people claimed a block of trailers to themselves.

Less than 72 hours ago we were a united front against a common enemy...

...now we're drawing up sides against each other.

We had shelter and water, but we needed food.





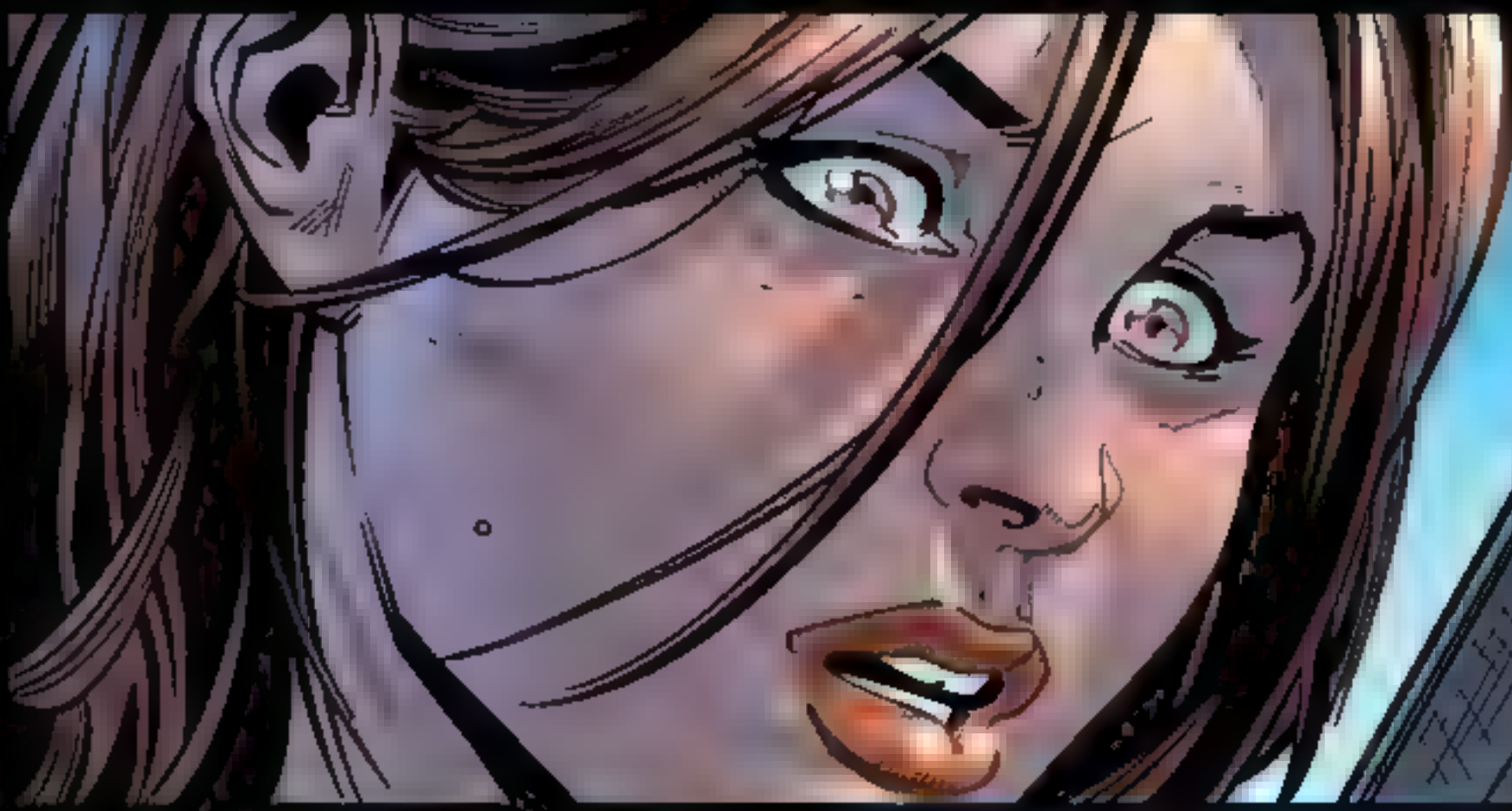






Special delivery, Kitty.

Someone's got a **secret admirer**.



FROM ONE FREEDOM FIGHTER TO ANOTHER  
THE WAR NEVER REALLY ENDS. KEEP THIS  
SECURE AND KEEP YOURSELF ALIVE.

WITH RESPECT,  
FURY

And plenty  
of enemies  
as well.





LATER.

Essentially, the soil is dead. It's toxic to plant life. Nothing will ever grow here as it stands.

It's also clear this land was used in the past as a military firing range. All sorts of trace particles.

But I can fix that. It's a simple matter of shifting molecules. *Sifting*, rather.

I can remove the offending matter.

Can we use it? What you remove?

Probably, in quantity.

The dirt's not great even after it's cleaned up. Pretty arid, bit sandy. But we cultivate small areas at a time, we'll get there.

What do you need from me?

A greenhouse, Storm. And for that we'll need steady water. That's your job.

There was plastic sheeting in the crate we got from Stark. We can probably disassemble a shelter to make what you need.

I'll do what I can, Kitty, but I can only work with what I have access to.

We can try digging for groundwater as well.

One last thing, Kitty.

We'll need to do a proper survey. I'm picking up all sorts of ground contaminants... lead, TNT, depleted uranium, PCBs. Like I said, it's all trace, but there's sure to be hot spots.

Wonderful. Keep that between us, at least until we know what's going on.

I'll send Jimmy out with you tonight, we'll do this survey quietly.



"We can't risk more dissension."

What I don't get, is why are you telling me this if you're working with Kitty on the soil project.

MACH TWO.

We all gotta eat, don't we? Plants are what I do, Nomi.

That reminds me...

...Just what is it exactly that you do? It suddenly occurs to me I may be linking my fortunes to some wee girl whose only power may be to sprout interesting colored patches of hair.

Look outside.

What the WHHHHOOOOOAAA...





If it's metal, I can move it.

So, are we cool now?



Hell yeah, we're cool. Consider me officially in your camp, chickadee. My eyes and ears are your eyes and ears.

But let me ask you: why "*Mach Two*"? What does that have to do with metal?



Maybe it's just the name of this shade of blue hair color.

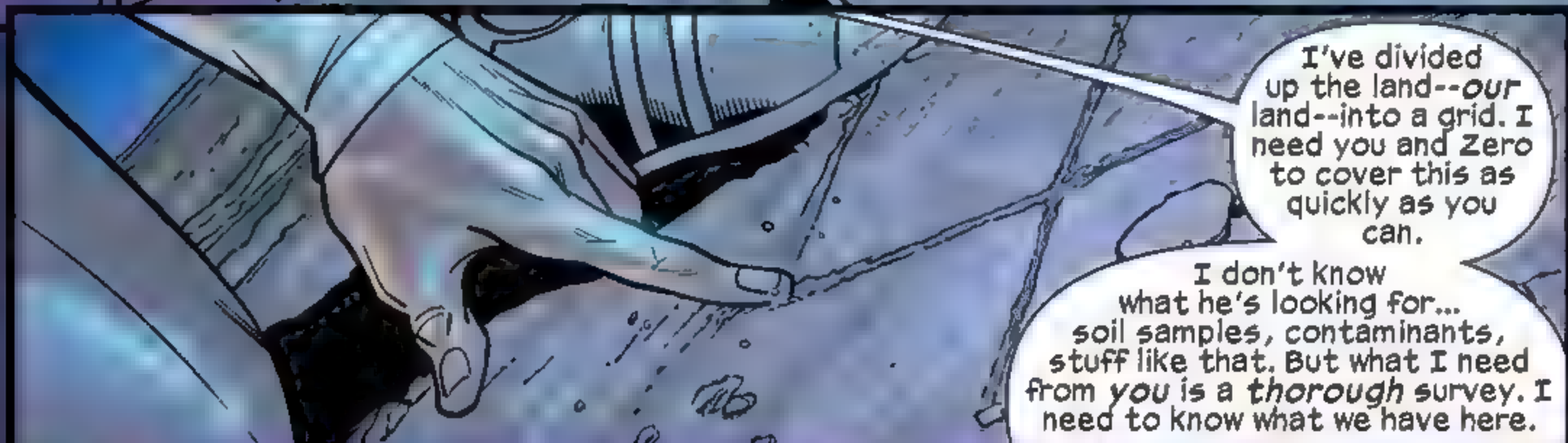




"Or maybe I have more than just one trick up my sleeve?"

KITTY PRYDE.

You guys, look at this.



I've divided up the land--our land--into a grid. I need you and Zero to cover this as quickly as you can.

I don't know what he's looking for... soil samples, contaminants, stuff like that. But what I need from you is a *thorough* survey. I need to know what we have here.



I need to know what our borders look like, and if the government is monitoring them, or has installed any listening devices or motion detectors.

I wish they hadn't disarmed us. Or maybe, this is *why* they disarmed us.

Or spies?



...Maybe. And I need all this done at night, Jimmy. Super, super secret. You find anything, I'm the only one you tell.

You're paranoid.

Brrrr.



You would be too if a significant minority of people tried to vote you to the sidelines.

Hey, everyone!

AMARA AQUILLA.

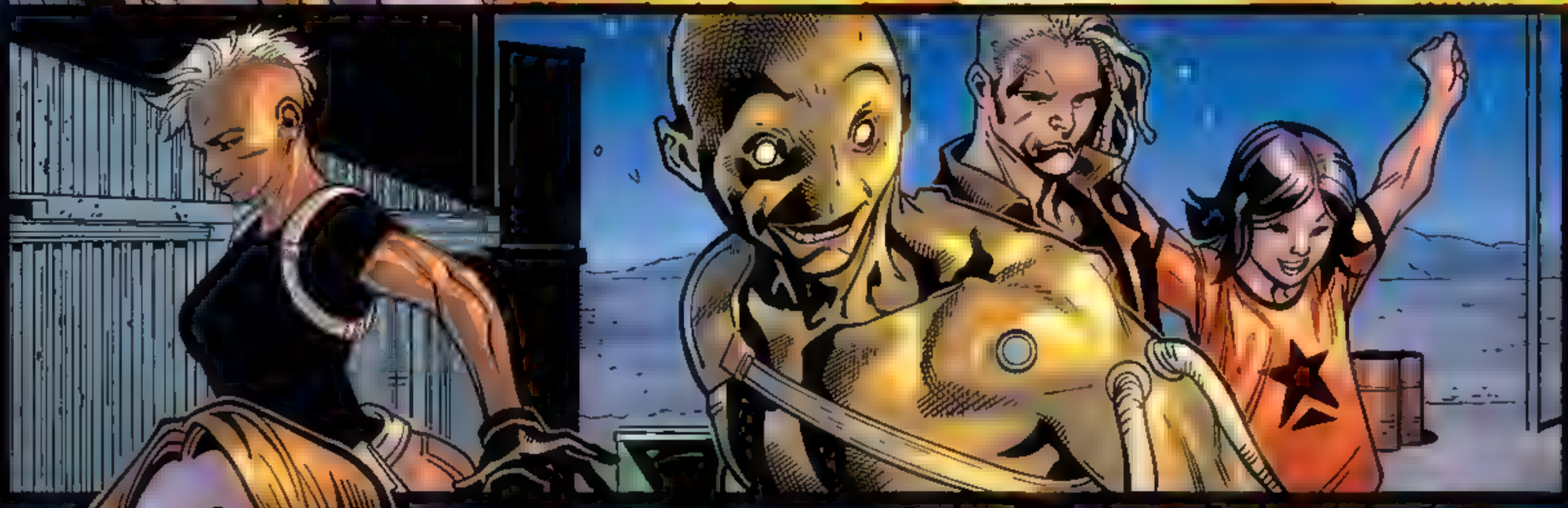


AKA MAGMA.

Come on! Let's celebrate!

Day one at "Utopia," our first day as free people, as free mutants. Even if we had to give everything else up to get it, it was still a good thing.

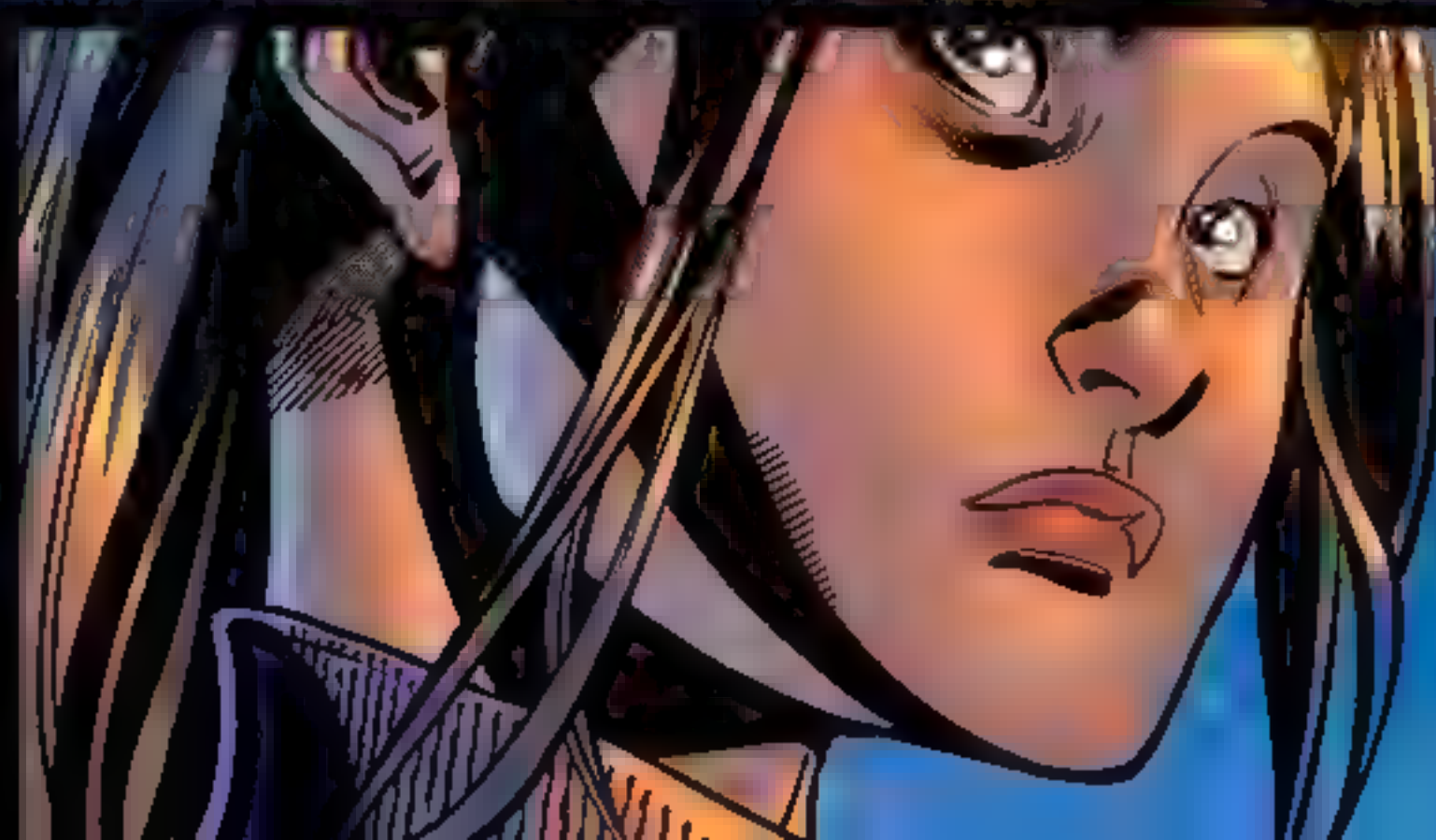
I felt the terrible burden of the handgun Fury gave me. It was almost as if it had a gravity well, that it was trying to pull me towards it, tempting me to pick it up. To use it.



I was convinced of one thing for sure: if we were to thrive, violence could not be part of our system. I put down my gun, like Fury told me.

It may have been a necessary evil, but collectively, we can be better than that.

Tomorrow I'll have the gun destroyed.

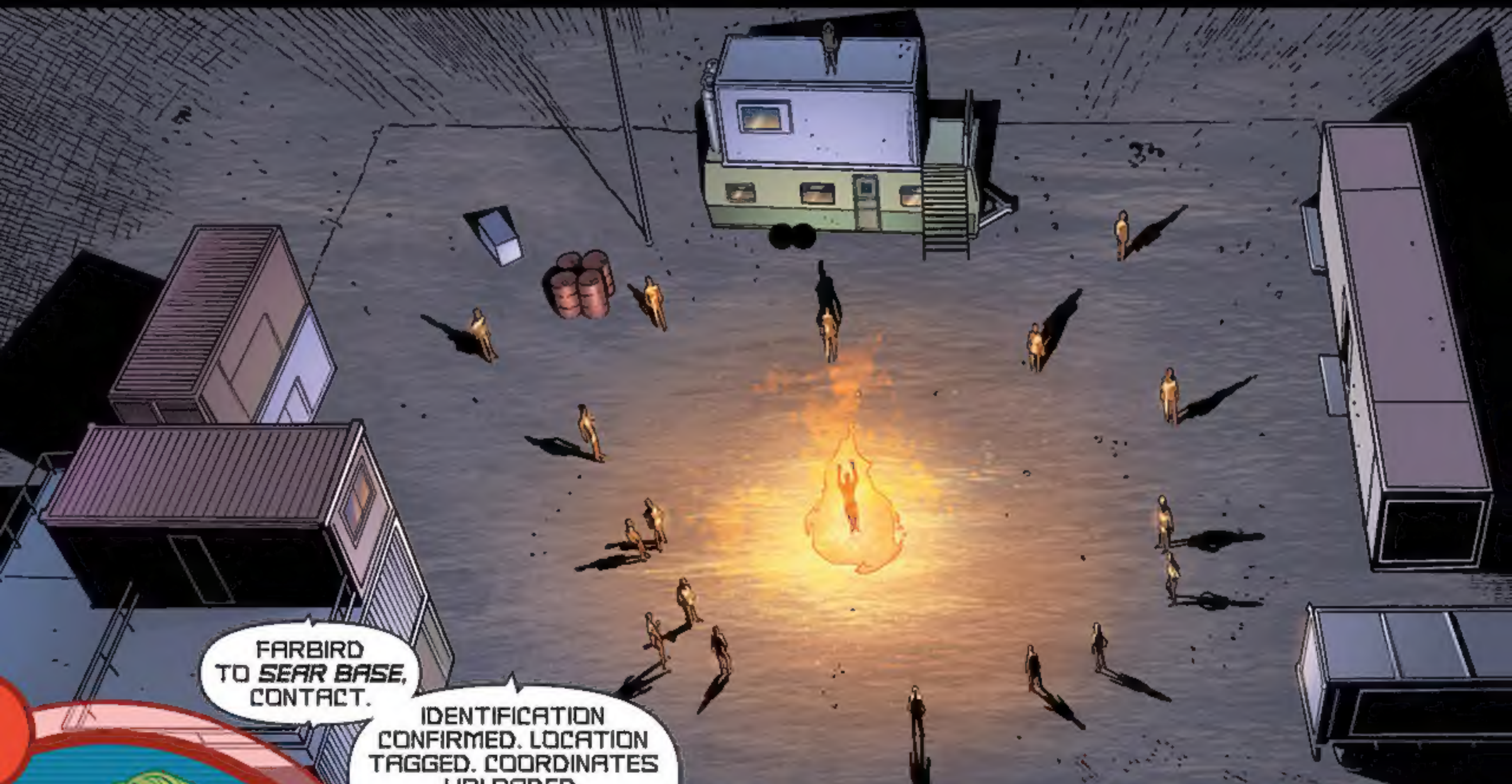


Nomi? Send Warpath to search Kitty Pryde's trailer.

Understood, Psylocke.

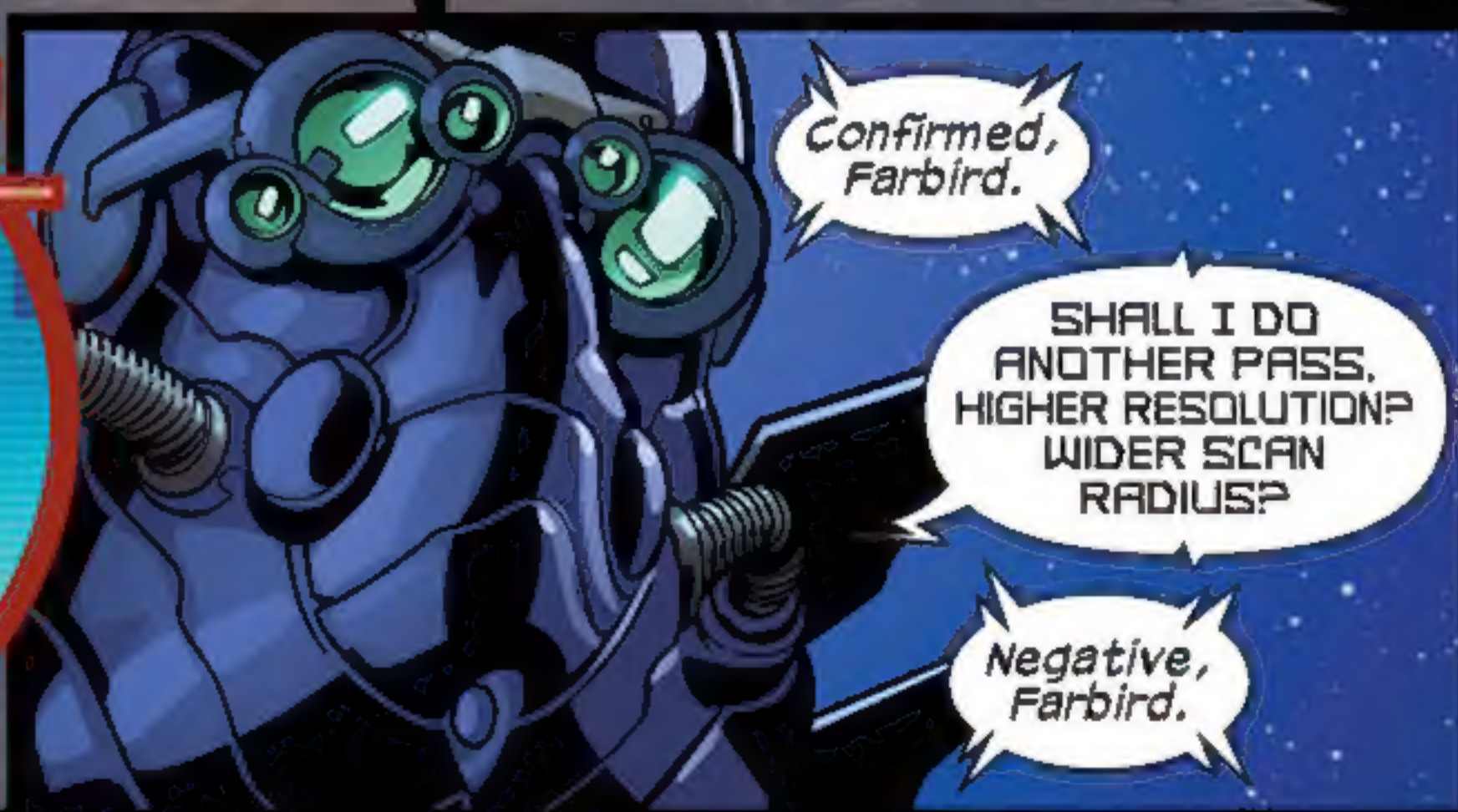
He'll know what he's looking for when he sees it.





FARBIRD  
TO SEAR BASE,  
CONTACT.

IDENTIFICATION  
CONFIRMED. LOCATION  
TAGGED. COORDINATES  
UPLOADED.  
PROXIMITY SCAN  
COMPLETE.



Confirmed,  
Farbird.

SHALL I DO  
ANOTHER PASS.  
HIGHER RESOLUTION?  
WIDER SCAN  
RADIUS?

Negative,  
Farbird.



But I need  
you to remain  
on station. Can  
you find a place  
to land, to lay  
low until--

HER MISTRESS  
FORGETS THAT  
FARBIRD CANNOT  
LAND.

...Right. Of  
course. Forgive  
me, Farbird.



I WILL  
REMAIN ON  
STATION FOR  
AS LONG AS  
REQUIRED.



**KAREN GRANT  
MISTRESS OF SEAR.**

Thank  
you, Farbird.  
Your service  
honors us.

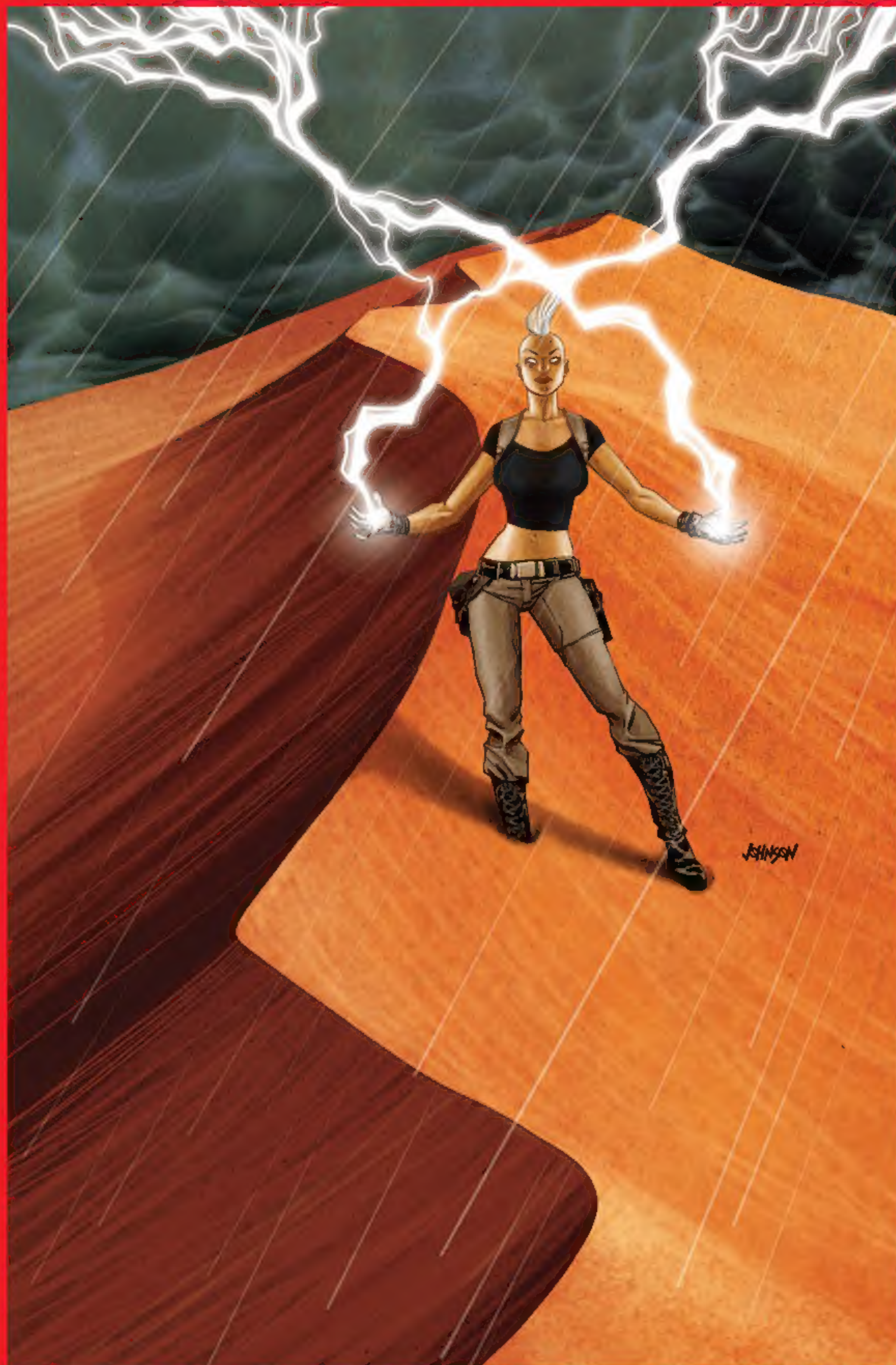
Keep me  
updated, no  
matter how  
mundane.

I want to  
know *exactly*  
what Kitty Pryde  
is doing down  
there.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**



NEXT:



ULTIMATE COMICS  
ULTIMATES #19



ULTIMATE COMICS  
SPIDER-MAN #18





